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Gal 8 I b

POEMS

Prior (M)

ON

K.

Several Occaſions:

Conſiſting of

ODES,

SATYRS and EPISTLES;

With ſome Select

Tranſlations and *Imitations*.

----Be not too Rigidly Cenſorious;
A String may Jarr, in the Beſt Maſter's Hand,
And the moſt Skilful Archer miſs his Aim.

Roſcommon.

LONDON:

Printed for R. BURROUGH, and J. BAKER, at the *Sun* and *Moon* in *Cornhil*, and E. CURLL, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*; 1707.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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FROM THE

Publisher.

THE Name of Mr. Prior, *is a more Satisfactory Recommendation of the following Sheets to those Gentlemen who are Judges of Poetry, than whatever can be offer'd in their Behalf.*

Advertiſement.

All that I here endeavour'd, (and which by the Aſſiſtance of ſome Friends, I have accompliſh'd) is, that the ſeveral Pieces herein contain'd, ſhould appear more Perfect and Correct by this Publication, than they have hitherto done elſewhere; and that no Copy ſhould be inſerted, 'till I was aſſur'd of its being Genuine.

ERRATA.

PAG. 44. Lin. 1. *for* Tate, *read* Fate. *p.* 45. *l.* 15. *for* theefore came, *read* came therefore. *p.* 49. *l.* 9. *for* live, *rear* do. *p.* 47. *l.* 2. *for* Pindar, *read* Pindus. *p.* 54. *l.* 1. *for* affection, *dread* infection. *p.* 99. *l.* 7. *for* ſee, *read* ſhe. *p.* 100. *l.* 12. *for* Steeple, Staple. *In the Prologue ſpoken before the Queen, ſecond Line of the laſt Page, for* exerciſe, *read* execute. *For the firſt Line of the* Engliſh Pad-Lock, *read,* Miſs *Danae,* both Fair and Young.

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POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

A SATYR *on the Modern Translators of* Ovid's Epistles.

Odi Imitatores Servum pecus, &c.

SINCE the United Cunning of the Stage
Has balk'd the Hireling Drudges of the Age:
Since BETTERTON of late so thrifty's grown,
Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own:

Thumb'd RIDER, with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
Makes the Compleateſt Poet of our Times:
Thoſe who with nine months Toil had ſpoil'd a Play,
In hopes of Eating at a full *Third Day;*
Juſtly deſpairing longer to ſuſtain
A craving Stomach, from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-Practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Atoning for bad Plays, with worſe Tranſlations;
And, like TOM STERNHOLD, with laborious Spite,
Burleſque what Nobler Muſes better write:
Thus while they for their Cauſes only ſeem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So Breaking *Vintners*, to increaſe their Wine,
With nauſeous Dregs debauch the generous Vine.
So Barren Gipſies, for Recruit, are ſaid
With Strangers Iſſue to maintain the Trade;
But leſt the fairer Bantling ſhould be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this Gang too J. DRYDEN appears,
But to ſave the Town-Cenſures, and leſſen his Fears,
Join'd with a Spark, whoſe Title makes me civil,
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil.
Such mighty Thoughts from OVID's Letters flow,
That the Tranſlation is a Work for Two;
Who in one Copy join'd, their Shame have ſhown,
Since TATE could ſpoil ſo many, tho alone:
My Lord, I thought, ſo generous would prove,
To ſcorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:
But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
Till Midwife DRYDEN eas'd his labouring Brain;
And that when part of HUDIBRAS's Horſe
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an arſe;
So when fleet *Jowler* hears the joyful Hollow,
He drags his ſluggiſh Mate, and *Tray* muſt follow.

But how could this Learn'd Brace employ their time?
One Conſtru'd ſure, while t'other pumpt for Rhime:
Or it with theſe, as once at *Rome*, ſucceeds,
The *Bibulus* ſubſcribes to *Cæſar*'s Deeds:
This from his Partner's Acts enſures his Name,
O Sacred Thirſt of Everlaſting Fame!
That could defile thoſe well-cut Nails with Ink,
And make his Honour condeſcend to think:
But what Excuſe, what Preface can atone
For Crimes which guilty BAYS has ſingly done?
BAYS, whoſe *Roſe-alley* Ambuſcade enjoin'd
To be to Vices, which he practis'd, kind;
And brought the Venom of his ſpiteful Satyr,
To the ſafe Innocence of a Dull Tranſlator.

BAYS,

BAYS, who by all the Club was thought moſt fit
To violate the *Mantuan* Prophet's Wit,
And more debauch what looſe LUCRETIUS writ.
When I behold the Rovings of his Muſe,
How ſoon *Aſſyrian* Ointment he would loſe,
For Diamond Buckles ſparkling at their ſhoes.
When VIRGIL's Heights are loſt, when OVID ſoars,
And in Heroicks *Canace* deplores
Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
In lofty Verſe make *Maximin* blaſpheme,
Or ſing in ſofter Airs St. *Katherine*'s Dream.
Nay, I could hear him damn laſt Ages Wit,
And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
His Envy ſhould at powerful COWLEY rage,
And baniſh Senſe, with JOHNSON, from the Stage.
His Sacrilege ſhould plunder SHAKESPEAR's Urn,
With a dull Prologue make the Ghoſt return,

To bear a ſecond Death, and greater Pain,
While the Fiend's Words the Oracle prophane.
But when, not ſatisfi'd with Spoils at home,
The Pirate would to foreign Borders roam;
May he ſtill ſplit on ſome unlucky Coaſt,
And have his Works or Dictionary loſt;
That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
No more than does our Blind Tranſlatreſs BEHN.

The Female Wit, who next convicted ſtands,
Not for abuſing OVID's Verſe, but SANDS;
She might have learn'd, from the ill-borrow'd Grace
(Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When none of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art:
Nor ſtrive in OVID's Letters to have ſhown
As much of Skill, as Lewdneſs in her own.

Then let her, from the next inconſtant Lover,
Take a new Copy for a ſecond Rover.
Deſcribe the Cunning of a Jilting Whore,
From the ill Arts her ſelf has us'd before;
Thus let her write, but Paraphraſe no more.

RYMER to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
Which Providence in contradiction meant,
Tho he Predeſtination could prevent,
And with bold Dulneſs tranſlate Heaven's intent.
Raſh Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you:
Each little Wit to your Tribunal came,
To hear their Doom, and to ſecure their Fame.
But for Reſpect you ſervily ſought Praiſe,
Slighted the Umpire's Palm, to court the Poet's Bays.

While wiſe Reflections, and a grave Diſcourſe,
Declin'd to Z——ns *a River for a Horſe.*
So diſcontented P---M----N withdrew,
From ſleeping Judges, to the noiſie Crew;
Chang'd awful Ermin for a Servile Gown,
And to an humble Fawning ſmooth'd his Frown::
The *Simile* will differ here indeed,
You cannot verſifie, tho he could plead.

To painful CREECH my laſt Advice deſcends,
That he and Learning would at length be friends;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces home,
Not be a ſecond *Hannibal* to *Rome*,
But, ſince no Counſel his Reſolves can bow;
Nor may thy Fate, *O Rome!* reſiſt his Vow.
Debar'd from Pens, as Lunaticks from Swords,
He ſhould be kept from waging War with Words,

Words

Words, which at firſt like Atoms did advance,
To the juſt Meaſure of a Tuneful Dance,
And jumpt to Form, as did his Worlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
The Wits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And ſwear the early Atheiſt for their own.
Had he ſtopt here——but ruin'd by Succeſs,
With a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Preſs,
Till, as his Volumes ſwell'd, his Fame grew leſs.
So Merchants, flatter'd with increaſing Gain,
Still tempt the Falſhood of the doubtful Main:
So the firſt running of the Lucky Dice
Does eager Bullies to new Betts entice;
Till Fortune urges 'em to be undone,
And *Ames Ace* loſes what kind *Sixes* won.
Witneſs this Truth *Lucretia*'s wretched Fate,
Which better have I heard my Nurſe relate;

The Matron ſuffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin*'s Luſt ſo vile as CREECH's Pen;
Witneſs thoſe Heaps his Midnight Studies raiſe,
Hoping to rival OGILBY in Praiſe.
Both writ ſo much, ſo ill, a Doubt might riſe,
Which with moſt Juſtice might deſerve the Prize;
Had not the Firſt the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

WITS of a meaner Rank I would rehearſe,
But will not plague your Patience, nor my Verſe,
In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
And, with their Writings, may their Folly die.

Now, why ſhould we poor OVID yet purſue,
And make his very Book an Exile too,
In words more barb'rous than the Place it knew?

If

If VIRGIL labour'd, not to be tranſlated,
Why ſuffers he the only thing he hated?
Had he foreſeen ſome ill officious Tongue
Wou'd, in unequal Strains, blaſpheme his Song;
Nor Pray'rs, nor Force, nor Fame ſhould e'er prevent
The juſt Performance of his wiſe Intent:
Smiling h' had ſeen his Martyr'd Work expire,
Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.
Some Fop, in *Preface*, may thoſe Thefts excuſe,
That VIRGIL was the Draught of HOMER's Muſe:
That HORACE's by PINDAR's Lyre was ſtrung,
By the great Image of whoſe Voice he ſung.
They form'd the Maſs, 'tis true, but in their Mould
Theſe purg'd the droſſy Oar to current Gold:
Mending their Pattern they eſcap'd the Curſe;
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worſe.
But when we bind the *Lyric* up to Rhime,
And looſe the Senſe, to make the Poem chime,

When

When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
To raviſh *Milkmaids* in our *Engliſh* Plains;
And wand'ring Authors, e'er they touch our ſhore,
Muſt, like our Locuſt *Hugonots*, be poor.
I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
And traffick in our own, tho homely Ware;
Whilſt from themſelves the honeſt Vermin ſpin,
I'd like the Texture, tho the Web be thin;
Nay, take CROWN's Plays, becauſe his own, for Wit,
And praiſe what DURFEY not tranſlating writ.

The

The Seventh Satyr *of* Juvenal *imitated.*

BEING A

SATYR

ON THE

POETS.

Et Spes, & Ratio Studiorum, &c.

SIR,

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you, the Orphans and the Muses Friend;
The only Great Good Man, who will declare
Virtue and Verse the Object of his Care;

And

And prove a Patron in the worſt of Times,
When hungry BAYS forſakes his empty Rhimes,
Beſeeching all true Catholicks Charity,
For a poor Proſtitute, who long did lie
Under the Mortal Sins of Verſe and Hereſie.

SHADWELL and ſtarving TATE I ceaſe to name,
Poets of all Religions are the ſame.
Recanting SETTLE brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiſer *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair,
Proteſts his Tragedies and Libels fail,
To yield him Paper, Penny-loaves and Ale;
And bids our Youth, by his Example, fly
The Love of Politicks and Poetry.

And all Retreats, except *New-hall*, refuſe
To ſhelter DURFEY, and his Jocky Muſe;

There

There to the Butler, and his Grace's Maid,
He turns, like HOMER, Sonnetteer for Bread;
Knows his juſt Bounds, nor ever durſt aſpire
Beyond the ſwearing Groom, and Kitchen-Fire.

Is there a Man to theſe Examples blind,
To Clinking-Numbers fatally deſign'd;
Who by his Parts would purchaſe Meat, and Fame;
And in New Miſcellanies plant his Name;
Were my Beard grown the Wretch, I'd thus adviſe:
Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wiſe;
Take heed, nor be by gilded Hopes betray'd:
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegaſus* a Jade.
By Verſe you'll ſtarve; *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unleſs the Bell-Man made the Poet thrive.
Go rather in ſome little Shed, by *Paul*'s,
Sell *Chevy-Chace*, or BAXTER's *Salve for Souls*;

Cry

Cry *Raree-Shows*, ſell *Ballads*, tranſcribe *Votes*,
Be *Carr*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but *Oates*.

Hold, Sir, ſome Bully of the Muſes cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wiſe;
You rail at Verſe indeed, but rail in Rhyme.
At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.

True Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due.
Yet with your leave, I'd honeſtly diſſuade
Thoſe wretched Men, from *Pindus* barren Shade;
Who tho' they fire their Muſe, and rack their Brains,
With bluſtering Hero's, and with piping Swains;
Can no great patient giving Man engage,
To fill their Pockets, and their Title-Page.
Were I, like theſe, unhappily decree'd,
By Penny-Elegies to get my Bread;

Or

Or want a Meal, unleſs *George Croom* and I
Could ſtrike a Bargain for my Poetry,
I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheeſe,
Or furniſh Squibs for City-Prentices,
To Burn the *Pope*, and Celebrate Queen *Beſs*.

But on your Ruin ſtubbornly purſue,
Herd with the hungry, little, chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be o' free-coſt noiſy in the Pit;
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a Meager Face.
And may juſt Heaven thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou, bleſt Author, ſeeſt thy deathleſs Song.
The duſty Lumber of a *Duck-Lane* Stall,
And find'ſt thy Picture ſtuck 'gainſt Suburb-Wall,
With *Johnny Armſtrong*, and the Prodigal.
And, to compleat the Curſe, ------

When Age and Poverty come faſter on,
And ſad Experience tells, thou art undone;
May no kind Country-Grammar-School afford
Ten Pound a Year, to pay for Bed and Board;
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown uſeleſs to the Army and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but truſting Landlady,
Who ſtows you in hard Truckle, Garret-high,
To dream of Dinner, and curſe Poetry.

Sir, I've a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
Fortune and Parts, you ſay, may get one two:
Why 'faith e'en try; Write, Flatter, Dedicate;
My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate:
Yet know, he'll wiſely try, ten thouſand ways,
To ſhun a needy Poet's fulſome Praiſe:

Nay,

Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condeſcend to be
A Poet, tho' perhaps a worſe than thee.

Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend;
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
Receives your Twelve long Months Succeſleſs Toil,
And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile;
Damns the Dull Poems of the Scribling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own:
Whilſt thou in Complaiſance oblig'd, muſt ſit,
T'extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
And, wrapt with his *Eſſay on Poetry*,
Swear HORACE writ not half ſo ſtrong as he,
But that w'are partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps ſcarce knows,
With Jingling Sounds to tag Inſipid Proſe;

And ſhould be by ſome honeſt MANLY told,
H'ad loſt his Credit, to ſecure his Gold.

But if thou'rt bleſt enough to write a Play,
Without the Hungry Hopes of kind Third Day,
And he believes, that in thy Dedication
Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station;
My Lord his uſeleſs Kindneſs then aſſures,
And to the utmoſt of his Power, he's yours;
How fine your Plot, how exquiſite each Scene!
And play'd at Court, would ſtrangely pleaſe
the Queen.
And you may take his Judgment ſure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry;
And might with equal Judgment have put in
For *Poet Laureat*, as Lord *Chamberlain*.
All this you ſee and know, yet ceaſe to ſhun;
And ſeeing, knowing, ſtrive to be undone.

So

So kidnapt Dutcheſs once beyond *Graveſend*,
Rejects the Counſel of recalling Friend;
Is told the dreadful Bondage ſhe muſt bear,
And ſhe's unable to avoid the Snare:
So Practis'd Thief, oft taken, ne'er afraid,
Forgets the Sentence, and purſues the Trade:
Tho' yet he almoſt feels the ſmoaking Brand,
And ſad *T. R.* ſtands freſh upon his Hand.
The Author then, whoſe daring Hopes would ſtrive
With well-built Verſe to keep his Fame alive,
And ſomething to Poſterity preſent,
That's very New, and very Excellent;
Something beyond the miſcall'd Drudging Tribe,
Beyond what BAYES can write, or I deſcribe;
Should in ſubſtantial Happineſs abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd.

No early Dun ſhould break his Learned Reſt,
No ſawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts moleſt;
Only the God within ſhould ſhake his Labouring Breaſt.

In vain, we from our Sonetteers require,
The Height of COWLEY's, and ANACREON's Lyre;
In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
Large, as their Capacious Souls, &c.
Who ſince the King was Crown'd ne'er taſted Wine,
But writ at Sight, and knew not where to Dine.
In vain we bid Dejected SETTLE hit
The Tragick Flights of SHAKESPEAR's tow'ring Wit:
He needs muſt miſs the Mark, who's kept ſo low;
He has not Strength enough to draw the Bow.
SEDLEY indeed, and ROCHESTER might write
For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,

Shew-

Shewing how far they cou'd the Reſt out-do,
As in their Fortunes, ſo their Writings too.
But ſhould Drudge-DRYDEN their Example take,
And *Abſaloms* for Empty Glory make,
He'd ſoon perceive his Income ſcarce enough,
To feed his Noſtril with Inſpiring Snuff;
Starving for Meat, not ſurfeiting on Praiſe,
He'd find his Brains as barren as his Bays.

There was a time, when OTWAY charm'd the Stage;
OTWAY, the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age!
When the full Pit with pleas'd Attention hung,
Wrapt with each Accent of *Caſtalio*'s Tongue:
With what a Laughter was his *Soldier* read!
How mourn'd they, when his *Jaffier* ſtruck and bled!
Yet this beſt Poet, tho' with ſo much eaſe,
He never drew his Pen, but ſure to pleaſe;

Tho' Lightning were leſs lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-claps leſs loud than thoſe o' th' Pit;
He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker BETTERTON ſupply'd,
And took for Pawn the *Embryo* of a Play,
Till he could Pay himſelf the next Third Day.
Were SHAKESPEAR's ſelf to live again, he'd ne'er
Degenerate to a Poet, from a Player;
As CARLISLE now i' th' new-rais'd Troop we ſee,
And chattering MOUNTFORT in the Chancery;
MOUNTFORT, how fit for Politicks and Law!
That plaid ſo well Sir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.
Dance, then Attendance in ſlow MULGRAVE's Hall,
Read Maps, or court the Sconces, till he call:
One Actor's Commendation ſhall do more,
Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
Some Poets, I confeſs, the Stage has fed,
Who for Half-Crowns are ſhown, for Two-Pence

But theſe not envy thou, but imitate;
Much rather ſtarve, in SHADWELL's ſilent Fate;
Than new-vamp Farces, and be damn'd with
TATE.

For now no SIDNEYS will Three Hundred give,
That Needy SPENCER and his Fame may live;
None of our New Nobility will ſend
To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bethle'm-Friend.*
Chymiſts and Whores by BUCKINGHAM were fed,
Thoſe by their Honeſt Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for his Wit:
And COWLEY from Hall *Clifden* ſcarce could have
One grateful Stone, to ſhew the World his Grave.
PEMBROKE lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
For Butchers Dogs, and for the whole *Bank-ſide*;
The Bear was fed, but Dedicating LEE
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.

More

More I could ſay, but care not much to meet
A Crabtree-Cudgel in a narrow Street.
Beſides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er:
Your Humble Servant, Sir, not one Word more.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

To the Worſhipful

Fleetwood Shepherd, Eſq;

WHEN crowding Folks, with ſtrange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places:
And ſome with Patents, ſome with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord DORSET's Spirit:
Sneaking I ſtood, among the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with You.
I waited while the Clock ſtruck thrice,
And Foot-Man brought out Fifty Lyes;

Till

Till Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-Poſt to ſend a Letter.
Now if you miſs of this Epiſtle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My Buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is, to deſerve ſome little Place;
And fair Pretenſions I have for't,
Much Need, and very ſmall Deſert.
When e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always beg'd, you always granted;
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting;
Kind, as I'd been your own Begetting.

Confirm what formerly you 've given,
Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
As SUNDERLAND has left 'MUN STEVENS.
No Family that takes a Whelp,
When firſt he laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
When he's grown up to Dog's Eſtate:
Nor Pariſh, if they once adopt
The ſpurious Brats that Strowlers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up luſty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worſe,
Than if they'd throttl'd them at Nurſe.

My Uncle, reſt his Soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me Ways of Thriving;
Taught me with Cyder to repleniſh
My Fatts, or ebbing Tide of Rheniſh.

So

So when for Hock, I drew prickt White-Wine,
Swear 't had the Flavour, and was Right Wine:
Or ſent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
vall's Inn, to ſome good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by Forging Deeds, and Cheating,
I'd had ſome handſome Ways of Getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That ſneaking Whey-fac'd God, *Apollo.*
Sent me among a Fidling Crew
Of Folks, I'd never ſeen or knew;
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the Youth, to make a Poet.
In Common Juſtice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtian People,
Who e'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The

The Sum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome Way;
And your Petitioner ſhall Pray——

There's one thing I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well, in Poſtſcript;
My Friend CHARLES MONTAGUE's Preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one Mouſe eats, while t'other's ſtarv'd.

Mon-

Monſieur De la FONTAINE's

HANS CARVEL

IMITATED.

HANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old,
Married a Laſs of *London*-Mold;
Handſom enough, extremely gay,
Lov'd Muſick, Company, and Play;
High Flights ſhe had, and Wit at will;
And ſo her Tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
And in all Viſits, who but She,
To Argue, or to Repartee?
She made it plain, That Human Paſſion
Was order'd by Predeſtination:

That

That if weak Woman went aſtray,
Their Stars were more in fault than they.
Whole Tragedies ſhe got by Heart,
Enter'd into ROXANA's Part,
To ſpill a hated Rival's Blood;
The Action certainly was good;
How like a Vine, Young AMMON curl'd:
O! that Dear Conqueror of the World!
She pitied BETTERTON in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She firſt in all the Town was told,
Where neweſt *India-Goods* were ſold;
And in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt often out to Miſtreſs *Hoddy*'s,
To cheapen Tea, or buy a Screen:
What elſe o'God's Name could ſhe mean?

For to prevent the leaſt Reproach,
Betty went with her in the Coach.
But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care,
She without fail was wak'd at Ten,
Drank Chocolate, then ſlept again.
At Twelve ſhe roſe, with much ado,
Her Cloaths were hudl'd on by Two.
Then, does my Lady Dine at Home?
Yes ſure —— But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too ſoon:
The *'Change*, the *City*, or the *Play*,
As each was proper for the Day.
A Turn, in Summer, to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wives

Wives Pleaſure, cauſes Husbands Pain;
Strange Fancies rowl in *Han*'s Brain:
He thought of, what he durſt not name;
And would reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd to's Wife,
The Comforts of a Pious Life;
Told her how tranſient Beauty was,
That *all muſt dye*, and *Fleſh was Graſs*.
He bought her *Sermons*, *Pſalms*, and *Graces*;
And doubled down the Uſeful Places:
But ſtill the Weight of Worldly Cares,
Allow'd her little Time for *Prayers*.
And CLEOPATRA was read o'er;
While TAYLOR, SCOT, and twenty more,
That teach us to *deny ones Self*,
Lay unmoleſted on the Shelf.
An untouch'd *Bible* grac'd her Toilet,
No fear that Thumb of her's ſhould ſpoil it:

The Trade continued ſtill the ſame;
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.
What's to be done, poor *Carvel* cry'd?
Another Batt'ry muſt be try'd.
What if to Spells I have Recourſe,
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe?
The End muſt juſtify the Means;
He only ſins, who Ill intends.
Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the *Devil* did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near:)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miſs's Elbow, when ſhe lies,
Or ſtands before the Nurſe's Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars:

But

But without Sawcer-Eye, or Claw;
Equipt like Bariſter at Law.
Hans Carvel lay aſide your Grief,
The Devil ſays, I bring Relief.
Relief, ſays *Hans*; pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir, —— *Satan*. Sir, your Slave:
I did not look upon your Feet;
You'll pardon me, —— Ay, now I ſee't.
And pray Sir, when came you from Hell?
Our Friends there, did you leave 'em well?
All well —— But prithee, honeſt *Hans*,
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaiſance;
The truth is this, I cannot ſtay
Flaring in Sunſhine all the Day:
For, *entrez nous*, we Helliſh Sp'rits,
Love more the Freſco of the Nights;
And oft'ner our Receipts convey,
In Dreams, than any other way.

I tell you therefore as a Friend,
E'r Morning dawns, your Fears ſhall end.
Go then this Evening, Maſter *Carvel*,
Lay down ſome Fowls, and broach a Barrel;
Let Friends and Wine diſſolve your Care,
Whilſt I the Great Receipt prepare.
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe, for once, what *Satan* ſaith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,
Obey'd the *Devil* to a Tittle.
Invited Friends, about a dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Coſin.
The Meat was ſerv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Catches were ſung, and Healths went round.
Nice *Ratafia* for the Cloſe,
Till *Hans* had fairly got his Doſe.

The Colonel toaſted to the *Beſt*;
The Dame went off, to be undreſt.
The Chimes went Twelve, the Gueſts withdrew,
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some modern *Anecdotes* averr,
He nodded in his Elbow-Chair;
From thence was carried off to Bed,
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: New Sorrow!
Which *Hans* muſt Anſwer for to Morrow,

In Bed then view the Happy Pair,
And think, how *Hymen* triumph'd there!
Hans faſt aſleep, as ſoon as laid,
The Duty of the Night unpaid.
The waking Dame, with Mind oppreſt,
That made her hate both him, and reſt.

But ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
'Twas *Achme*'s, and *Septimia*'s Life.
The Lady ſigh'd, the Lover ſnoar'd:
The Punctual *Devil* kept his Word,
Appear'd to honeſt *Hans* again;
(But not at all by Madam ſeen)
And giving him a Magick-Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King.
Dear *Hans*, ſays he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan*'s ſake;
'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair;
So long as you this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
Hans took the Ring with Joy extream,
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond the Joynt,
'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point.

What Point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly Beaſt?

You neither give me Joy, nor Reſt.

'Tis done, —— What's done, you drunken Bear?

You've thruſt your Finger G--d knows where.

THE

THE LADLE.

In Imitation of

Monſ. De la FONTAINE's

HANS CARVEL.

THE *Scepticks* think 'twas long ago,
Since God's came down *incognito*,
To ſee who were their Friends, or Foes;
And how our Actions fell, or roſe:
That ſince they gave Things their beginning,
And ſet this Whirlygig a-ſpinning,

Su-

Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Pleaſure, as from Pain;
And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To Cut, and Shuffle for our ſelves.
To ſtand, or walk, or riſe, or tumble;
As Matter, and as Motion, jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold,
This *Theſis* dangerous, and bold;
And your good-natur'd Gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a Day;
Elſe all theſe Things we toil ſo hard in,
Wou'd not avail one ſingle Farthing.
For when the HERO we rehearſe,
To grace his Actions, and our Verſe,
'Tis not by Dint of Human Thought,
That to his *Latium* he is brought;

Iris

Iris deſcends by TATE's Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands,
And *Amphitrite* clears his way,
From Rocks and Quickſands in the Sea.
And if you ſee him in a Sketch,
Tho' drawn by PAULO, or CARACHE;
He ſhows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper Figure,
The Piece muſt yet be four Yards bigger;
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field,
One holds his Sword, and one his Shield;
Mars ſtanding by, aſſerts his Quarrel,
And *Fame* flies after, with a *Laurel*.

Theſe Points, I ſay, of Speculation,
(As 'twere to ſave, or ſink the Nation)

Men

Men Idly Learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,
Till now no Medium can agree 'em;
So Both draw off, and sing *Te Deum.*

Is it *in Æquilibrio,*
If DEITIES descend, or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale.
For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,
Which in their Nature most conduce
To Present Ends, and Private Use.

Two Gods therefore came from above,
One MERCURY, the t'other JOVE:

The

The Humour was, it ſeems, to know,
If all the Favours they beſtow.
Could from our own Perverſneſs eaſe us;
And if our Wiſh enjoy'd, might pleaſe us.

Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales, their Godſhips came;
Till well-nigh tir'd, at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe, a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no Supernat'ral Powers,
But acts on Maxims much like ours.

They ſpy'd at laſt a Country-Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;

For

For Hills before, and Woods behind,
Kept off the Rain, and broke the Wind:
Fat Oxen in the Fields were lowing,
Good Grain was ſow'd, good Fruit was growing;
Of laſt Year's Corn in Barns great ſtore,
Fat Turkeys gobling at the Door;
And Wealth, in ſhort, with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:
But did they in Effect live ſo?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou ſhalt know.

The honeſt Farmer and his Wife,
In Years declin'd; from Prime of Life
Had ſtruggled with the Marriage-Nooſe,
As almoſt every Couple does.
Sometimes, my Rogue, ſometimes, my Darling,
Kiſſing to day, to morrow Snarling:

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If all the Favours they beſtow.
Could from our own Perverſneſs eaſe us;
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In Years declin'd; from Prime of Life
Had ſtruggled with the Marriage-Nooſe,
As almoſt every Couple does.
Sometimes, my Rogue, ſometimes, my Darling,
Kiſſing to day, to morrow Snarling:

Jointly ſubmitting, to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd
The Farmer met them in the Yard.
Thought they were Folks that loſt their way,
And ask'd 'em civilly, to ſtay;
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.
So ſaid, ſo done; the Gods conſent;
All three into the Parlour went:
They Compliment, they ſit, they chat;
Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State:
A Thouſand knotty Points they clear,
Till Supper, and my Wife, appear.
Jove made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame;
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.

JOVE kiſs'd the Farmer's Wife, you ſay;
He did, --- but in an Honeſt Way:
O! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which he kiſs'd AMPHITRYON's Wife.

Well then, Things handſomly were ſerv'd;
My Miſtreſs for the Strangers Carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat;
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
Wou'd glorioufly in Verſe appear,
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here.
'Twou'd grieve me, ſhou'd I have it ſaid,
That by a fine Deſcription led,
I made my EPIC very long,
Or tyr'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
JOVE thought it Time, to ſhow his Play:

Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide;
That ye thus Hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with Good Cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this THESIS plainer Proof,
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of *Gods*; —— Nay, never wonder,
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder!
I'm JUPITER, and he MERCURIUS;
My Page, my Son indeed, but Spurious.
Form then Three Wiſhes, You and Madam,
And ſure, as you already had 'em,
The Things deſir'd, in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Power.
'Thank ye, Great *Gods*, the Woman ſays,
O! may your Altars ever blaze;

A La-

A Ladle for our Silver Diſh,
Is all I want, and what I wiſh. —
A Ladle! crys the Man, a Ladle!
Odzooks CORISCA, you have Pray'd ill;
What ſhou'd be Great, you turn to Farce;
I wiſh the Ladle in your Arſe.
With equal Grief and Shame, my Muſe
The ſequel of the Tale purſues:
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And ſtuck in Old CORISCA's Bum:
Our Couple weep two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly joyn, to form the laſt;
To eaſe the Woman's awkard Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS Commoner has Worth, and Parts;
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head akes, for a Coronet;
And who is Bleſs'd, that is not Great?
Some Parts, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this Well-Lotted Peer has given.
What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway;
And all is wrong, 'till He's in Play.

The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dare not touch the Hoarded Summ.
The Sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his Laſt Dregs of Life.

Againſt our Peace, we arm our Will;
Amidſt our Plenty, ſomething ſtill

For

For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,

To thee, to me, to him is wanting:
That cruel ſomething *unpoſſeſs'd,*
Corrodes and Leavens all the Reſt.
That ſomething, *if we could obtain,*
Would ſoon create a Future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

BEING,

A Paraphraſe on Chap. XIII. *of* 1 Corinth.

DID Sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Men Pronounc'd, or Angels Sung;
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the Babling Earth:
Did *Shadrach*'s Zeal my Glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoyce in Fire;
Or had I Faith, like that which ISRAEL ſaw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles and Law;

Yet

Yet Gracious CHARITY, Indulgent Gueſt,
Were not thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt,
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Prayer:
That Scorn of Life wou'd be but wild Deſpair:
A *Tymbal*'s Sound were better than my Voice,
My *Faith* were Form, my *Eloquence* were Noiſe.

CHARITY, Decent, Modeſt, Eaſy, Kind;
Softens the High, and Rears the Abject Mind;
Knows with Juſt Reins, and Gentle Hand to Guide,
Betwixt Vile Shame, and Arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon Provok'd, ſhe eaſily Forgives,
And much ſhe Suffers, and as much Believes:
Soft Peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe Arrives,
She Builds our Quiet, as ſhe Forms our Lives;
Lays the Rough Paths of Peeviſh Nature Even,
And opens in each Heart a little HEAV'N.

Each other Gift which God on Man beſtows,
Its proper Bounds, and due Reſtriction knows;

To one Fixt Purpoſe dedicates its Pow'r,
And finiſhing its Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting CHARITY's more Ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy Triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs Good diffuſe, and endleſs Praiſe receive.

As thro' the Artiſts intervening Glaſs,
Our Eye obſerves the diſtant Planets paſs;
A little we diſcover, but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow:
So whilſt our Mind its Knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble Eye, intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our Reaſon up,
By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE.

Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promiſes of Day;
HEAV'N's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight,
Too great its Swiftneſs, and too Strong its Light.

But ſoon the Mediate *Clouds* ſhall be diſpell'd,
The *Sun* ſhall ſoon be Face to Face beheld;
With all his Robes, with all his Glory on,
Seated ſublime on his *Meridian*-Throne.

Then Conſtant FAITH, and Holy HOPE ſhall dye,
One loſt in Certainty, and one in Joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy Pow'r, Fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Siſter, greateſt of the Three,
Thy Office and thy Nature, ſtill the ſame;
Laſting thy Lamp, and unconſum'd thy Flame,
And ſtill ſurvive, ———
Shalt ſtand before the Hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever Bleſſing, and for ever Bleſt.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoken at Court, before the

QUEEN,

ON

Her MAJESTY's *Birth-Day*,

M. DCC. IV.

SHINE forth, ye Planets, with diſtinguiſh'd Light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this Happy Night;
Again tranſmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
As when BRITANNIA Joy'd for ANNA's Birth,

And

And thou, kind Star, whose Tutelary Power
Guided the future Monarch's Natal Hour,
Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run;
Only less bless'd than *Cynthia*, and the *Sun*:
With thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n,
Kindly preserve, what thou hast greatly given.
Thy Influence, for thy ANNA, we implore;
Prolong One Life, and BRITAIN asks no more.
For what can Virtue more to Man express,
Than to be great in War, and good in Peace?
What farther Thought of Blessing can we frame,
Than that, That Virtue should be still the same?
Entire, and sure, the Monarch's Rule must Prove,
Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love;
Who does our Homage for our Good require,
And orders that which we should first desire.

Our vanquish'd Wills, that Pleasing Force obey,
Her Goodness takes our Liberty away,
And Haughty BRITAIN yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the young *Austrian* then her Terrours bear,
Great as he is, her Delegate in War;
Let him in Thunder speak to both his SPAINS,
That in these Dreadful Isles, a Female Reigns.
Whilst the Bright QUEEN does on her Subjects shower
The Gentle Blessings of her Softer Power;
Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage:
Bids the Chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
And Wit, be that, which Heav'n and She may hear.

MINERVA thus to PERSEUS lent her Shield,
Secure of Conquest, sent him to the Field;

Told

Told him how Barb'rous Rage ſhould be reſtrain'd,
And bid him exerciſe what ſhe ordain'd.
Mean while, the Deity in Temples ſat,
Fond of her Native GRECIANS future Fate;
Taught 'em in Laws, and Letters to excel,
In Acting juſtly, and in Writing well.

Thus whilſt the Goddeſs did her Power diſpoſe,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes;
Virtue was taught in Verſe, and ATHENS roſe.

A SIMILE.

DEAR WILLIAM, didſt thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-Man's Shop,
There, WILLIAM, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of *Simile*)
A *Squirrel* ſpend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rolling Cage;
The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells at top,
Moy'd in this Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The fooliſh Creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turns Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.

So fares it with those Merry Blades,
That frisk it under PINDAR's Shades,
In Noble *Songs*, and Lofty *Odes*;
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods,
Still Dancing in an Airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own *Verses* Sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always Aspiring, always Low.

A

THE

THE Hind and Panther,

By *Mr.* DRYDEN.

A Milk-white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Foreſt rang'd
Without Unſpotted, Innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for ſhe knew no Sin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And *Scythian* Shafts; and many winged Wounds
Aim'd at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to Death, tho' fated not to dye.

Not ſo her Young; for their unequal Line
Was Hero's Make, half Human, half Divine.

Of

THE
Hind and Panther,
Transvers'd to the Story of the
City and Country Mouse.

A Milk-white *Mouse*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the *Dairy* rang'd;
Without, Unspotted; Innocent within;
She fear'd no *Danger*, for she knew no *Ginn*.
Yet had she oft been *scar'd by Bloody Claws*
Of winged *Owls*, and stern *Grimalkin*'s Paws,
Aim'd at her *Destin'd Head*, *which made her fly*;
Tho' she was doom'd to Death, *and* fated not to dye

Not so her Young; their *Linsey-Woolsey* Line,
Was Hero's Make, half Human, half Divine.

Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* Wood,
Their Native Walk; whose vocal Blood arose,
And cry'd for Pardon on their Perjur'd Foes;
Their Fate was fruitful, and the Sanguin Seed
Endu'd with Souls, increas'd the Sacred Breed.

Panting and pensive, now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.

The Common-Hunt, tho' from their Rage restrain'd,
By Sov'reign Power, her Company disdain'd;
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye,
Gave gloomy Signs of Secret Enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not Time, to take a steady Sight.
For Truth hath such a Face, and such a Mien,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whoſe Sanguin Seed increas'd the ſacred *Brood.*

She multiply'd *by theſe*, now Rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.

The Common-Hunt *ſhe timorouſly paſs'd by,*
For they, made Tame, diſdain'd her Company;
They grinn'd, *ſhe in a Fright* tript *o'er the Green*;
For *She was* lov'd *where-e'ver She was* ſeen.

The Bloody *Bear*, an INDEPENDENT Beaſt,
Unlick'd to Form, in Groans her Hate expreſs'd.
Among the Timorous Kind, the QUAKING *Hare*
Profeſs'd Neutrality, but would not Swear.

Next her the *Buffoon-Ape*, as ATHEISTS uſe,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuſe.
The briſl'd BAPTIST-BOAR, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.)

More haughty than the reſt, the WOLFISH Race,
Appear with Belly gaunt, and famiſh'd Face;
Never was ſo deform'd a Beaſt of Grace.
His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for Shame; but his rough Creſt he rears,
And pricks up his Predeſtinating Ears.

That

The INDEPENDENT Beaſt, ——

—— In Groans her Hate expreſt.

She thought, and Reaſon good, the quaking Hare

Her cruel Foe, becauſe ſhe would not Swear,

And had profeſs'd Neutrality.

Next her, the *Buffoon-Ape his Body* bent,

And paid, at Church, a Courtier's Compliment.

The briſtl'd BAPTIST-BOAR, impure as he,

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.

The WOLF, with Belly gaunt, his rough Creſt rears,

And pricks up his Predeſtinating Ears.

That Fi'ry ZUINGLIUS firſt th'Affection bred,
And Meagre CALVIN bleſt the Nuptial Bed.
In ISRAEL ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the Proud *Sanhedrim* oppreſs'd the Prince;
Or ſince he will be *Jew*, derive him higher;
When CORAH with his Brethren did conſpire,
From MOSES Hand the Sov'regin Sway to wreſt,
And AARON of his *Ephod* to diveſt:
Till opening Earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a CLASS.
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffled in the Dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in NOAH's Ark.

Quickned with Fire Below, your Monſters breed,
In Fenny HOLLAND, and in Fruitful TWEED.

The *Smith* Divine, as with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the Mute Creation at a Heat;

But

Theſe Fiery ZUINGLIUS, Meagre CALVIN bred.
Or elſe Reforming CORAH *ſpawn'd* this CLASS,
When opening Earth made way for all to paſs,
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffled in the Dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in NOAH's Ark.

Quickned with Fire Below, theſe Monſters breed,
In Fenny HOLLAND, and in Fruitful TWEED.

The Divine *Black-Smith*, in th' Abyſs of Light,
Yawning and lolling, with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the Mute Creation at a Heat.

But when arriv'd at laſt to Human Race,
The Goodhead took a deep Conſid'ring-Space;
And, to diſtinguiſh MAN from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the Sacred Treaſures of his Breaſt,
And Mercy mixt with Reaſon did impart;
One to his Head, the other to his Heart;
Reaſon to Rule, but Mercy to Forgive;
The firſt is Law, the laſt Prerogative.
Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new-made Man
Of eaſy Shape, and pliant every way,
Confeſſing ſtill the Softneſs of his Clay,
And kind, as *Kings*, upon their *Coronation-Day*.
Till Knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And Pride of Empire ſowr'd his Balmy Blood.

The PANTHER ſure the nobleſt, next the HIND,
And faireſt Creature of the Spotted-kind:
O! cou'd her in-born Stains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a Beaſt of Prey. Her

But he work'd hard to hammer-out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtirr'd-up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a ſudden
Knead-up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning
Pudding.
Tender and mild, within its Bag it lay,
Confeſſing ſtill the Softneſs of its Clay,
And kind, as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.
Till Pride of Empire, Luſt, and hot Deſire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire;
And Underſtanding grown miſunderſtood,
Burn'd him to th'Pot, and ſowr'd his curdled Blood.

A ſpotted *Mouſe*, the prettieſt next the white,
Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite;

With

Her Front erect with Majesty she bore,
The *Crozier* wielded, and the *Mitre* wore:
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's Head,
Were on her Reverend *Phylacteries* read.
Some Sons of Mine, who bear upon their Shield
Three Steeples *Argent*, in a *Sable* Field.
Nice in her Choice of Ill, tho' not of Best;
And least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least.
And in this *Masquerade* of *Mirth* and *Love*,
Mistook the *Bliss of Heav'n*, for *Bacchanals* above;
To grub the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
And make the Paths of *Paradise* more sweet,
Bethought him of a Wife, e'er half-way gone.
(For 'twas uneasy Travelling alone.)
The Gospel-Sound diffus'd, from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.
One Evening, while the cooler Shade she sought,
Revolving many a Melancholy Thought,

Alone

With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpread,
Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head.
Three Steeples *Argent*, on her *Sable* Shield;
Liv'd in the City, and diſdain'd the Field.
This Princeſs, tho' eſtrang'd from what was Beſt,
Was leaſt Deform'd, becauſe Reform'd the leaſt.
She in a *Maſquerade* of *Mirth* and *Love*,
Miſtook the *Bliſs of Heav'n*, for *Bacchanals* above;
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of *Paradiſe* more ſweet:
She, ——————
Humbly content, to be deſpis'd at Home:
Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.
Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.
One Evening, when ſhe went away from Court,
Levees and *Couchees* paſs'd, without Reſort:

She

Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd a-round in vain,
With rueful Viſage, for her vaniſh'd Train:
None of her *Sylvan Subjects* made their Court;
Levees and *Couchees* paſs'd, without Reſort.
Among the reſt, the HIND, with fearful Face,
Beheld from far the Common-Wat'ring-Place;
Nor durſt approach, till, *with an awful Roar*,
The Sov'reign *Lion* bade her, Fear no more.
—— But, nearer when they drew,
And had the Faultleſs Object full in view,
Lord! How they all admir'd her Heav'nly Hue.

The

She met the *Country-Mouſe*, whoſe fearful Face,
Beheld from far, the Common-Watering-Place;
Nor durſt approach, *till with an awful Roar*,
The Sov'reign *Lion* bade her, Fear no more.
But when this ſweeteſt *Mouſe* was but in view,
Good Lord! How ſhe admir'd her Heav'nly Hue.

Th'

The Viceroy PANTHER could not awe the Herd.
The more the Company, the leſs they fear'd.
He made a Mannerly Excuſe, to ſtay;
Proff'ring the HIND, to wait her half the Way;
With much Good-Will the Motion was embrac'd,
To Chat a while on their Adventures paſt.
Which, well ſhe hopd, might be with eaſe redreſsd;
Conſid'ring her a well-bred, civil Beaſt;
And more a Gentlewoman than the reſt.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART

Th' *Immortal Mouſe*, who ſaw the Viceroy come
So far to ſee her, did invite her home;
To ſmoak a Pipe, and o'er a ſober Pot,
Diſcourſe of OATES, and BEDLOE, and the Plot.
She made a Courts'y, like a Civil Dame;
And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART

PART II.

DAME, ſaid the *Panther*, Times are mended well,
Since late among the *Philiſtines* you fell;
The Toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious Tract of Ground
With expert Hunts-Men was encompaſs'd round;
Th' Incloſure narrow'd, the ſagacious Pow'r
Of Hounds and Death, drew nearer every Hour.
'Tis true, the younger *Lion* 'ſcap'd the Snare,
But all your *Prieſtly Calves* lay ſtrugling there;
As Sacrifices, on their Altars laid;
While you, their careful Mother, wiſely fled,
Not truſting Deſtiny, to ſave her Head.
For, what e'er Promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing CHURCH, the ſurer Side,
Is Four fair *Legs* in Danger to provide.

And

PART II.

DAME, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff,
Methinks your *Tiff* is ſowre, your *Cates*
meer Stuff;
Your *Pipes* ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e'er TOM JENNER took.
Leave, leave this Hoary *Shed*, and Lonely *Hills*;
And Eat with me at *Groleau*'s, Smoak at *Will*'s.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-Shelf,
When at *Pontack*'s he may Regale himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of Cleanly *Rheniſh* go;
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row*?
Come, at a Crown a Head our ſelves we'll treat;
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragouſts* our Meat.
Then Hand in Hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To Viſit Biſhop MARTIN, and King Buz.

And whate'er Tales of PETER's *Chair* ye tell,
Yet, ſaving Reverence of the Miracle,
The Better Luck was yours, to 'ſcape ſo well.
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of ev'ry ſort,
Thoſe are the Manufactures we export;
And theſe the *Miſſioners* our Zeal has made;
For, with my Country's Pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our Trade.

By this, the HIND had reach'd her lonely Cell;
And Vapours 'roſe, and Dews unwholſom fell.
When She, by frequent Obſervation Wiſe,
As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her Eyes,
Diſcern'd a Change of Weather in the Skies:
And ſaw herſelf the Lambent-Starry-Light,
Gild the Brown Horror, and diſpel the Night.
But ſhunning long Diſputes, I fain would ſee
That Wond'rous Wight, *Infallibility.*

With *Evening-Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finiſh at LOCKET's, and reel Home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demoliſh Doors
Of *Engliſh-Manufactures*, — Pimps and Whores.
With theſe Allurements, *Spotted* did invite
From Hermit's Cell, the Femal-Proſelyte.
O! with what Eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,
Where Souls are ſtarv'd, and Senſes gratifi'd!

But here the *White*, by Obſervations wiſe,
Who long on Heav'n had fixd her prying Eyes,
With Thoughtful Countenance, and Grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis Dark;
Leſt therefore we ſhould Stray, and not go Right,
Through the Brown Horror of the Starleſs Night;
Haſt thou *Infallibility*, that Wight?

Is he from *Heav'n*, this Mighty Champion, come,
Or lodg'd Below, in Subterranean *Rome*?
Suppoſe, (tho' I diſown it) ſaid the HIND,
The certain *Manſions* were not yet aſſign'd;
The *doubtful Reſidence* no *Proof* can bring,
Againſt the plain Exiſtence of the Thing.

Becauſe *Philoſophers* may diſagree,
If Sight b' Emiſſion, or Reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee.
The Dame, who ſaw her fainting Foe retir'd,
With Force renew'd, to Victory aſpir'd;
And looking upward, to her Kindred-Sky;
(As once our SAVIOUR own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd theſe Words,--- *He whom ye ſeek, am I.*)

'Tis

Sternly the *Salvage* grinn'd, and thus reply'd;
That *Mice* may Err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the *Immortal Dame*;
There is a GUIDE, ---- Gad I've forgot his Name;
Who lives in Heav'n, or *Rome*, the Lord knows
where,
Had we but HIM, Sweetheart, we could not Err.
But thank you, Siſter, this is but a Whim;
For ſtill we want a GUIDE to find out Him.
What need we find Him? We have certain Proof,
That he is ſome-where, Dame, and that's enough.
For if there is a Guide that knows the Way,
Altho' we know him not, we cannot Stray.
As, tho' 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If Waters paſs by *Urine*, or by *Stool:*
Shall we, who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather,
From this Diſſention, that they Work by Neither?

'Tis true, ſome Strangers of the Wiſer Sort
Made all theſe Idle Wonderments their Sport:
They ſaid, their only *Danger* was, DELAY;
And, he who heard what ev'ry Fool cou'd ſay,
Wou'd never fix his Thoughts, but Trim his Time away.

Thus is the PANTHER, neither lov'd, nor fear'd,
A meer *Mock-Queen* of a Divided *Herd*;
Whom ſoon by *Lawful Pow'r* She might Control,
Herſelf a Part, ſubmitted to the Whole.

Then,

All this I did, your Arguments to try.
Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch; that GUIDE am I
Come, leave your Cracking Tricks, and, as they ſay,
Uſe not that *Barber* that Trims Time, *Delay*.
I've Eyes as well as you, to find the Way.
Then on they jogg'd, and ſince an Hour of Talk,
Might Cut a Banter on the tedious Walk;
As I remember, ſaid the Sober MOUSE,
I've heard much Talk of the WITS *Coffee-Houſe*.
Thither, ſays BRINDLE, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
PRIESTS ſipping *Coffee*, SPARKS and POETS *Tea*.
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt;
Theſe Baffling the *Grand Seignior*, thoſe the *Teſt*:
And here ſhrewd Gueſſes made, and Reaſons giv'n,
That *Human Laws* were never made in Heav'n.

Then, as the Moon, who first receives the Light,
By which she makes our nether Regions Bright;
So might She Shine, reflecting from a-far,
The Rays she Borrow'd from a Better Star.

N.B. *These Two POEMS can be Compar'd no farther by Way of* Parallel; *what remains, is only the* Fable *of the* City *and* Country Mouse, *made out; and some Particular* Phrases *in the* Hind and Panther *Burlesqu'd, which are Printed in an* Italick Character, *for Distinction.*

But above all, what ſhall oblige thy Sight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt Delight;
Is the *Poetick* JUDGE of *Sacred* WIT,
Who does in Darkneſs of his Glory ſit,
And as the MOON, who firſt receives the Light
With which ſhe makes the nether Regions Bright;
So does he Shine, reflecting from a-far,
The Rays he Borrow'd of a Better Star.

For Rules, which from CORNEILLE and RAPIN flow,
Admir'd by all the Scribling-Tribe Below;
From *French-Tradition*, while he does diſpence
Unerring Truths; 'tis *Schiſm*, a damn'd Offence,
To Queſtion His, or Truſt your Private Senſe.

But now at *Pickadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach, tow'rds *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at St. *Clement's* Church eat out the Back;
And ſlipping thro' the * *Palſgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.
Thence to the *Devil*; and ask'd if CHANTICLEER,
Of *Clergy-Kind*, or *Counſellor* CHOUGH was there;
Or Mr. DOVE, a *Pigeon* of Renown,
By his High Crop, and Corny Gizard known;
Or Siſter PARTLET, *with her Hooded-Head?*
No, Sir, *She's hooted hence*, ſaid WILL, and *fled*;
Why ſo? *Becauſe She would not Pray a-Bed.*
Thus to the Place where JONSON ſate, we climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided Him:
And whilſt we thus on Equal Helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our Thoughts as high.

* Palſgrave's-Head-Court, *near* Temple-Bar; *which has a Back-Way into the* Temple.

For

For, as an Author happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt Pair of Stairs;
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every Step I take, my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a WIT, and more, and more.
E'er that *Gazette* was Printed, ſaid the WHITE,
Our ROBIN told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By Word of Mouth, *unerring Maxims* flow;
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.
Words, I confeſs, *Bound by, and trip ſo light,*
We have not Time, to take a ſteady Sight;
Yet fleeting thus, are plainer than, when Writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.
Hard Things, at the firſt Bluſh are clear and full;
GOD mends on Second Thoughts, but Man grows dull.

Thus

Thus did they merrily Carouſe all Day,
And like the gaudy Fly, their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the Sweets, and bask in Great APOLLO's *Ray.*

Sirrah, ſays BRINDLE, thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sowre to my Taſte, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says WILL, all Gentlemen like it: Ah! ſays WHITE,
What is approv'd by Them, muſt needs be Right.
'Tis true, I thought it Bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a Private MOUSE.
Nor to their CATHOLICK Conſent oppoſe
My Erring *Judgment*, and Reforming *Noſe*.
Why, What a Devil, ſha'nt I truſt my Eyes?
Muſt I drink *Stum*, becauſe the *Raſcal* lyes?
And Palms upon us, CATHOLICK Conſent,
To give *Sophiſticated Brewings* Vent?
Says WHITE, What Ancient Evidence can ſway,
If you muſt Argue thus, and not Obey?

Draw-

Drawers muſt be truſted, thro' whoſe Hands convey'd,
You take the *Liquor*, or you ſpoil the *Trade*.
For ſure thoſe *Honeſt Fellows* have no Knack,
Of putting-off *Stumm'd Claret*, for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the Poor *Vintner* laſt,
If all that Drink muſt Judge, and ev'ry *Gueſt*
B'allow'd to have an *Underſtanding Taſte*?
Thus She: Nor could the PANTHER *well enlarge,*
With weak Defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a Charge.
But with a *weary Yawn*, that ſhew'd her Pride,
Said, SPOTLESS was a *Villain*, and She *ly'd*.
WHITE ſaw her *Canker'd Malice*, at that Word,
And ſaid her Pray'rs, and drew her *Delphick Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage reſtrain'd*;
And thus her Paſſive Character maintain'd.
But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell,
What ſad Miſchance theſe Pretty Things *befel:*

Theſe

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe Learned Reas'ning *Mice*,
Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.
Who would be Learned, for their ſakes, who Wiſe?
The *Conſtable*, alarmed by this Noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice;
And ſpeaking to the *Watch*, with *Head aſide*,
Said, *Deſperate Cures muſt be to Deſperate Ills apply'd.*
Theſe *Gentlemen*, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once, the *Butt* and *Peace*.
When each have ſeparate Intereſts of their own,
Two Mice *are One to many for a Town.*
By SCHISM they are torn; and therefore, Brother,
Look you to One, and I'll ſecure the t'Other.
Now whether DAPPLE did to *Bride-Well* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns us not to know.

But

But the IMMORTAL MATRON, *Spotleſs* WHITE,
Forgetting DAPPLE's Rudeneſs, Malice, Spite;
Look'd kindly back, and Wept, and ſaid,
Good Night.

Ten Thouſand Watch-Men waited on this MOUSE,
With Bills and Halberts, to her Country-Houſe.

HERA-

HERACLITUS.

I.

HOW-E'ER, 'tis well, that whilſt *Mankind*
Thro' Fate's fantaſtick Mazes errs,
He can Imagin'd Pleaſures find,
To Combat againſt Real Fears.

II.

Fancies and Notions we purſue,
Which ne'er had being, but in Thought;
And like the doating Artiſt, woo
The Image we our Selves have wrought.

III.

Againſt Experience, we Believe;
Argue againſt Demonſtration;
Pleas'd, that we can our Selves deceive,
And ſet our Judgment, by our Paſſion.

IV.

IV.

The Hoary Fool, who many Days
Has ſtrugled with continu'd Sorrow;
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The Deſperate Bett upon To-Morrow.

V.

To-Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
The Day, like all the former, fled:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek Delight
To-Morrow, 'till To-Night he's dead.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects, in an Airy Height:
But all the Pleaſure of the Game
Is, a-far-off to view the Flight.

VII.

The worthleſs Prey but only ſhows,
The Joys conſiſted in the Strife;
What-e'er we take, as ſoon we loſe;
In HOMER's Riddle, and in Life.

VIII.

So whilſt in Feveriſh Sleeps, we think
We taſte, what waking we deſire:
The Dream is better than the Drink,
Which only feeds the Sickly-Fire.

IX.

To the Mind's Eye, Things will appear
At diſtance, thro' an Artful-Glaſs;
Bring but the Flattering-Object near,
They're all a Senſeleſs-Gloomy-MASS.

X.

X.

Seeing aright, we see our Woes;
Then what avails it, to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort Flows,
The only Wretched, are the Wise.

XI.

We wearied, should lie down in Death;
This Cheat of Life would take no more:
If you thought Fame but Stinking-Breath,
I *Phillis*, but a Perjur'd Whore.

A PINDARIC ODE, ON EXODUS III. 14.

I am that I am.

I.

MAN! Fooliſh MAN!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thy *Self Began*,
Scarce haſt thou *Thought* enough to prove *Thou Art*;
Yet, ſteel'd with ſtudied Boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting *Reaſon*'s dazl'd Eye
Thro' the Myſterious Gulph of vaſt *Immenſity*.
Yet much canſt thou diſcern, and much impart.

Vain

Vain Wretch, suppress thy Knowing-Pride,
Mortify thy Learned-Lust:
Vain are thy Thoughts, whilst thou thy Self art
Dust.
Wisdom her Oars, and *Wit* her Sails may lend;
The Helm let Politick Experience guide.
Yet, cease to hope; thy short-liv'd *Bark* shall ride
Down spreading *Fate*'s unnavigable Tide.
What, tho' still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its End;
And in the Bosom of that boundless Sea
Loses itself, and its Increasing-Way.

II.

With daring Pride, and insolent Delight,
You boast, your Doubt's resolv'd, your Labour
crown'd;
And Εὕρηκα! your GOD, forsooth, is found:
INCOMPRENSIBLE, and INFINITE,

But is he therefore found? vain Searcher! No;
Let your Imperfect Definition ſhow,
That Nothing, leſs than Nothing, you, the
Weak Definer, know.

III.

Say, why ſhould the Collected *Main*
Itſelf, within Itſelf, contain?
Why to its Caverns ſhou'd it ſometimes creep,
And with delightful Silence ſleep
On the lov'd Boſom of his Parent-Deep?
Why ſhou'd its numerous Waters ſtay
In comely Diſcipline, and fair Array:
Prepar'd to meet his High Command;
And with diffus'd Obedience, ſpread
Their op'ning Banks o'er Earth's ſubmiſſive Head;
And march, thro' diff'rent Paths, to diff'rent
Lands?

Why

Why ſhou'd the Conſtant SUN,
With meaſur'd *Steps*, his Radiant-Journey run?
Why does he order the Diurnal-Hours,
To leave Earth's other Part, and riſe in our's?
Why does he wake his Correſpondent MOON,
And, filling her wan'd Lamp with Liquid-Light;
Commanding her, with delegated Power,
To Beautify the WORLD, and Bleſs the NIGHT?
Why ſhou'd each Animated STAR,
Love the juſt Limits of its Sphere?
Why ſhou'd each conſenting SIGN,
With Prudent Harmony, combine,
To keep in Order, and gird-up the Regulated YEAR.

IV.

MAN does, with dangerous Curioſity,
Theſe Unfathom'd-Wonders try;
With *Fancy'd* Rules, and *Arbitrary* Laws,

Matter and *Motion* he reſtrains;
And Studied *Lines*, and Fictious *Circles* draws:
Then, with imagin'd Sov'reignty,
Lord of his *New Hypotheſis*, he Reigns:
He Reigns: How long? Till ſome Uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wiſe:
Studies *New Lines*, *New Circles* feigns;
On t'other's Ruin rears his Throne;
And ſhewing his Miſtakes, maintains his own,
Well then! from this *New Toil* what *Knowledge* flows!
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows,
That former Searchers were but Bookiſh-Tools,
Their Choice *Remarks*, their Darling-*Rules*,
But *Canting* ERROR all, and JARGON of the *Schools*.

V,

V.

Thro' the Aerial-Seas, and Watry-Skies,
Mountainous-Heaps of Wonders rise;
Whose Tow'ring-Strength, will ne'er submit
To *Reason*'s Batt'ries, or the Mines of *Wit*.
Yet still Enquiring, still Mistaking MAN,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press,
And levelling at GOD his wandring Guess,
(That feeble Engin of his Reas'ning-War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair,)
Laws to his MAKER, the Learn'd Wretch can give;
Can bound that *Nature*, and prescribe that *Will*
Whose Pregnant WORD did either Ocean fill:
And tell us, how all BEINGS are, and how they Move and Live.

Vain

Vain *Man!* that Pregnant WORD ſent forth again,
Thro' either Ocean,
Might to a *World* extend each *Atom* there;
And for each *Drop* call forth a SEA, a HEAV'N
for every *Star*.

VI.

Let Cunning EARTH her Fruitful Wonders hide,
And only lift thy Stagg'ring REASON up
To Trembling *Calvary*'s aſtoniſh'd Top;
Then Mock thy KNOWLEDGE, and Confound thy
PRIDE;
By telling thee, PERFECTION ſuffer'd Pain,
An ETERNAL ESSENCE Dy'd!
Death's VANQUISHER, by Vanquiſh'd *Death* was
Slain;
The *Promiſ'd Earth* Prophan'd with *Deicide*.
Then down with all thy Boaſted *Volumes*, down;
Only reſerve The SACRED ONE.

Low,

Low, Reverently Low,
Make thy Stubborn *Knowledge* Bow:
Weep out thy *Reaſon*'s and thy *Body*'s Eyes:
Deject thy ſelf, that thou may'ſt Riſe;
And to See HEAV'N, be Blind to all *Below.*
Then *Faith*, for *Reaſon*'s Glim'ring Light ſhall give
Her Immortal Perſpective;
And *Grace*'s Preſence, *Nature*'s Loſs retrieve:
Then thy Enliven'd Soul ſhall know,
That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
So Politick an Inſtrument,
So fit as Jacob's *Ladder* was, to Scale the diſtant
SKY.

A TALE,

To a Young Gentleman in LOVE.

OR,

A POESY for a WEDDING-RING.

FROM Publick Noiſe, and Factious Strife,
From all the buſy ILLS of LIFE,
Take me, my CHLOE, to thy Breaſt,
And lull my wearied SOUL to Reſt.
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One! dwell.
None enter there, but LOVE, and he
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.
To painted Roofs, and ſhining Spires,
Th' uneaſy Seats of High Deſires,

Let

Let the Unthinking Many crowd,
That dare be Covetous, and Proud;
In Golden Bondage let them wait,
And barter Happineſs for State.
But O! my CHLOE, when thy SWAIN
Deſires to ſee a COURT again,
May Heavens around this hated Head,
The choiceſt of its Curſes ſhed.
To ſumm up all the Rage of FATE,
In the two Things I dread and hate,
May'ſt Thou be Falſe, and I be Great!
Thus, on his CHLOE's panting Breaſt,
Fond CELADON his Soul expreſs'd.
While, with Delight, the Lovely MAID
Receiv'd the Vows, She thus repaid.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth;
Bleſt Miracle of Love and Truth;

All

All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love, my Life, long ſince were thine.
A Real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Paſſion true:
A Real Grief I ne'er ſhall find,
'Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care;
All we abhor, and all we fear;
Bleſt with thy Preſence, I can bear.
Can ſuffer Shipwrack, run thro' Flame,
Still contented, ſtill the ſame.
Then trace me ſome unheard-of Way,
How I thy conſtant Ardour might repay;
For I my Senſe of it wou'd ſhew,
In ſomething more than Woman e'er cou'd do.
Had I a Wiſh, that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear;

I'd

I'd pierce my Heart, thro' ev'ry Vein,
And dye, to let it out again.
No; *Venus* ſhall my Witneſs be,
If *Venus* ever lov'd like me;
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the PERSIAN Monarch's Bride,
Partner of all his Power and Pride.
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of JOVE.

Happy theſe, of Human Race!
But Oh! How ſoon our Pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
Then drank a Quart of *Milk* and *Tea*.
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Haſtn'd to COURT, to beg a Place.

While

While She, his Abſence to bemoan,
As ſoon as ever he was gone,
Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed,
Where all the while he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE *Men have theſe Ambitious Fancies,*
And Wanton Wenches *read* Romances,
Our Sex will be inur'd to Lye,
And their's inſtructed to Reply.
The Moral *of the* Tale *I ſing,*
A POESY *for a* WEDDING-RING,
In this ſhort Verſe ſhall be confin'd;
LOVE is a JEST, and VOWS are WIND.

The

The *Engliſh* Pad-Lock.

THE forward Dame, when Fair and Young,
(As HORACE has divinely ſung)
Cou'd not be kept from JOVE's Embrace,
By Doors of Steel, or Walls of Braſs.
The Reaſon of the Thing, is clear;
Wou'd JOVE the Naked Truth averr,
CUPID was with him of the Party,
And acted Vigorous and Hearty;
For give that Whipſter but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant;
Dauntleſs as Death, away he walks,
Breaks the Doors open, ſnaps the Locks;
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study;
Nor ſtops, till he has CULPRIT's Body:

Since this has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, miſtaken Husband, tell us
Why ſo Myſterious, why ſo Jealous?
Does the Reſtraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us leſs Owners, her leſs Fair?
The Spy, who does the Fair-One keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her Prayers, nor Sleep?
Does ſhe to no Exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly Muſic, Mirth, and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flattery Power
To purchaſe one unguarded Hour?
Your Care does farther yet extend,
That Spy is Guarded by your Friend;
But has that Friend no Eye, nor Heart?
May he not feel the cruel Dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all Mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender Zeal,

Give

Give the Fair Priſoner Cauſe to ſee,
How much ſhe wiſhes, ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer,
The Rules of Friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a Hated Truſt,
Which make him Wretched, to be Juſt?

And may not She, this Darling ſee,
Youthful and Healthy, Fleſh and Blood,
Eaſy with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, will your Queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither Spy, nor Friend.
In ſhort, I keep Her from the Sight
Of every Human Face. ---- She'll Write.
From Pen and Paper ſhe's debarr'd.
Has ſhe a Bodkin and a Card?

She'll Prick her Mind. ---- She will, you ſay,
But how ſhall ſhe that Mind Convey?
I Lock her faſt, I keep the Key;
The Key-Hole, ---- Fool! That take away.
Dear Angry Friend, What may be done?
Is there no Way? --- There is but One:
Send her Abroad, and let her ſee,
That all this Mingl'd-Maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know;
Is a Dull Farce, an Empty Show;
Powder, and Pocket-Glaſs, and BEAU;
A Steeple of Romance and Lyes,
Falſe Fears, and Real Perjuries;
Where Sighs and Looks are Bought and Sold,
And Love is made, but to be told.
Where the fat Bawd, and laviſh Heir,
The Spoils of Ruin'd Beauty ſhare;

And Youth ſeduc'd, from Friends and Fame,
Muſt give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let her behold the Frantic Scene;
The Women wretched, falſe the Men;
And when, thoſe Monſtrous Ills to ſhun,
She ſhou'd to thy Embraces run;
Receive her with extended Arms,
Seem more delighted with her Charms;
Wait on her to the *Park* and *Play*;
Put on Good Humour, make her Gay;
Be to her Vertues very kind;
Be to her Faults a little blind.
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
Then clap your PAD-LOCK on her Mind.

A Second EPISTLE TO Sir *FLEETWOOD SHEPTARD.*

SIR,

AS once a Twelve-Month to the PRIEST,
Whom ſome call POPE, ſome ANTICHRIST,
The SPANISH King preſents a JENNET,
To ſhow his Love; --- That's all that's in it:
For if His Holineſs wou'd thump
His Reverend Bum 'gainſt Horſes Rump,
He might b'equipt from his own Stable,
With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
Good Excellence, the DUKE of VENICE

(I

(I wiſh for Rhime, 't had been the KING)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State he wiſely maintains,
Keeps Kindneſs up 'twixt Old Acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the Sea
Has much leſs need of Gold than he.

Or, not to rove, and bump one's Fancy,
For POPISH SIMILES beyond Sea;
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
Bring Land-Lords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
Preſent a Turky, or a Hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all Submiſſion, I
(For firſt Men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each Year a Homely Letter,
Who may Return me much a Better,

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Reſpect, and not ſhow Wit;
Nor look askew, at what it ſaith;
There's no Petition in it, -- 'Faith.

Here ſome wou'd ſcratch their Heads, and try
What he ſhou'd write, and how, and why,
But I conceive, ſuch Folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head.
I argue thus: The World agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe;
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from Heav'n, like Inward Light,
Meer Human Pains can ne'er come by't:

The

The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what he speaks.
Hence, when *Anatomists* discourse,
How like *Brutes Organs* are to *ours*;
They grant, if Higher Powers think fit,
A BEAU might soon be made a WIT;
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak *Love-Odes*, Dogs bark *Satyr*.

MEMNON, tho' Stone, was counted Vocal,
But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
ROME oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompted Priest behind the Hanging:
The Wooden-Head resolv'd the Question,
While you and PETTIS help the Jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIUS,
Are against Gods, you know, and teach us,

The God makes not the Poet, but
The THESIS *vice-verſa* put,
Shou'd *Hebrew-wiſe* be underſtood;
And means, *The Poet makes the God.*

ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the *Leeks*, they after Pray'd to;
And ROMISH *Bakers* Praiſe the Deity,
They Chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety;
That when your *Poets* Swear and Cry,
The GOD Inſpires, I Rave, I Dye;
If inward Wind does truly ſwell ye,
T' muſt be the Colick in your Belly,

That Writing is but juſt like Dice,
And Lucky Mains make People Wiſe;
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as DRYDEN form a *Poem*;

Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who, --- at the *Committee.*

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters ſhou'd be ſpoke,
By Method, rather than by Luck;
This may confine their Younger Stiles,
Whom DRYDEN *Pedagogues* at WILL'S:
But never cou'd be meant to tye
Authentic WITS, like You and I:
For as Young Children, who are ty'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from fliding,
When Members knit, and Legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of this Machin no longer;
But Leap *pro Libitu*, and Scout
On *Horſe* call'd *Hobby*, or without:

So when at School we first Declaim,
Old Busbey walks us in a Theme,
Whose Props support our Infant-Vein,
And help the *Rickets* in the Brain;
But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate,
In Verse or Prose, we write or chat,
Not Six-Pence-Matter upon what,

'Tis not how Well, an Author says;
But 'tis how Much, that gathers Praise;
T---n, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each shou'd down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see You,
I hope Y' are well, so GOD be wi' You;

Was

Was all, I thought at firſt, to write:
But Things, ſince then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high;
So God knows when my Clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle-on, as afore;
And beg your Pardon, yet this Half-Hour.

So when I've with my Granam gon,
At *ſacred* Barn of Pure *Non—Con*,
When Lobb has ſifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the *Pudding* next;
Now, to Apply, has Plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain-Stuff before.

For your Religion, firſt, I hear
A very good Account of Her;
They ſay, She's Honeſt, as your Claret,
Not ſowr'd with *Cant*, nor ſtum'd with *Merit*:

Your

Your Chamber is the ſole Retreat
Of Chaplains, every Sunday-Night;
Of Grace, no doubt, a Certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man-Divine.
For if their Fame be juſtly high, who
Wou'd never treat the POPE's *Nuncio*.
That his is higher, we muſt grant,
Who will treat *Nuncio*'s PROTESTANT.

In *Politicks*, I hear, yo're Stanch
Directly bent againſt the *French*;
Deny to have your Free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden-Shoe:
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The Publick-Welfare, in your Private:
And will, for ENGLAND's Glory, try,
Turks, *Jews*, and *Jeſuits*, to defy;
And keep your Places, till you dye.

For Me, whom wandring Fortune threw,
From what I lov'd, the *Town* and You,
Let me juſt tell you, how my Time is
Paſt in a Country-Life. —— *Imprimis*,
As ſoon as *Phœbus* Rays inſpect us,
I riſe to Read, perhaps to Breakfaſt;
So on, till 'foreſaid God does ſet,
I ſometimes Study, ſometimes Eat:
Thus, of your Heroes and Brave Boys,
With whom Old HOMER makes ſuch Noiſe;
The Greateſt Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.

The Books of which I' m chiefly fond,
Are ſuch, as You have whilom con'd;
That Treat of *China*'s Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Golconda*,

Of Highway-Elephants at *Ceylon*,
That Rob in Clanns, like Men o' th' *Highland*;
Of Apes, that ſtorm, or keep a Town,
Perhaps as well, as Count *Lauzone*;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger Matters.
Which, tho' they 're things I' ve no concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Critics I Read on other Men,
And *Hypers* upon them again;
From whoſe Remarks, I give Opinion
On Twenty *Books*, yet ne'er Look in One.

Then all your WITS, that Flear and Sham,
Down from *Don Quixote* to *Tom-Tram*,

From

From whom I Jeſts and Punns purloin,
And ſlyly put 'em off for Mine:
Fond to be thought a Country-Wit:
The Reſt --, when FATE and YOU think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her,
To Bottl'd-Ale, and Neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,
'Squire SHEPPARD's Health --- With all my Heart.

Thus, far from Pleaſure, Sir, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,
'Till Mr. MAIDWELL ceaſe to Teach;
Then I'll ſerk Youth, and ſay, --- *In Speech.*
Or SHADWELL from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Seacoal-Fires)
To Bleſs the Woods with Peaceful *Lyric*;
Then hey for *Praiſe* and *Panegyric:*
Juſtice Reſtor'd, and Nations Freed;
And Wreaths round WILLIAM's Glorious Head.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

An ODE.

I.

WHILST Blooming Youth, and Gay Delight,
In all thy Looks and Geſtures ſhine;
Thou haſt, my Dear, undoubted Right
To Rule this deſtin'd Heart of Mine:
My Reaſon bends, to what your Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and you to Reign.

II.

II.

But wou'd you meanly then rely
On Power, you know I muſt Obey.
'Tis but a Legal Tyranny,
To do an Ill, becauſe you may.
Why muſt I Thee, as *Atheiſts* Heav'n adore?
Not ſee thy Mercy, and but dread thy Power.

III.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
Time equally with Love, is Blind.
Soon muſt thoſe Glories of thy Face,
The Fate of Vulgar Beauty find.
The Thouſand Loves that arm thy Potent Eye,
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and Dye.

IV.

Then wilt Thou ſigh, when in each Frown,
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh Humours on,
Seems but the ſad Effect of Years:

Even Kindneſs then too weak a Charm will prove,
To Raiſe the Ghoſt of my Departed Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and Formal Bows,
Will ſhow Thee juſt above Neglect;
The Heat with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull *Platonick* I ſhall turn;
Learn to be Civil, when I ceaſe to Burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove,
The only Pillars fit to bear,
So vaſt a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make my Flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

VII.

Haſte, CELIA, whilſt Love invites,
Obey ſoft *Cupid*'s gentle Voice;
Fill every Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a-looſe to Joys:
Let Millions of Repeated *Bliſſes* prove,
That Thou all Kindneſs art, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine, take care,
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Dreams to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any Youth beſide:
What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted EVE.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy Deareſt Truth,
When Beauty ceaſes to engage;
And thinking on thy Charming Youth,
I'll Love it o'er again in Age.
So Time itſelf our Raptures ſhall improve,
And ſtill we'll wake to Joy, and live to *Love*.

ON

ON CELIA's Playing upon the LUTE.

WHAT Charms you have, from what high
Race you sprung,
Have been the Subject of our Daring Song;
But when you pleas'd to show the Lab'ring Muse,
What Greater Themes your Music could produce,
Our Babling Praises we repeat no more;
But Hear, Rejoyce, stand Silent, and Adore.
The PERSIANS thus, first gazing on the *Sun*,
Admir'd how high 't was plac'd, how bright it
shone;
But, as *his Pow'r* was known, *their Thoughts* were rais'd,
And soon they worshipt, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's Glory lives in SPENCER's Song,
And COWLEY's Verſe keeps Fair *Orinda* Young:
That You in *Beauty* and in *Birth* excel,
The *Muſe* might dictate, and the *Poet* tell;
Your *Art*, no other *Art* can ſpeak, and You,
To ſhew how well you Play, muſt Play anew:
Your Muſic's *Pow'r*, your Muſic muſt diſcloſe;
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that ſhows.
Strange Force of *Harmony*, that thus controuls
Our Inmoſt Thoughts, and ſanctifies our Souls:
Whilſt with its utmoſt Art, Your Sex could move
Our Wonder only, or at beſt, our Love.
You far beyond both theſe, your God did place;
That your high *Pow'r*, might *Wordly Thoughts* deſtroy;
That with your *Numbers*, you our *Zeal* might raiſe;
And, like himſelf, communicate your Joy.

When

When to your Native Heaven you ſhall repair,
And with your Preſence crown the Bleſſings there,
Your *Lute* may wind its Strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that Immortal Choir.
Your *Art* is perfect here, your *Numbers* do
More than our *Books*, make the Rude *Atheiſt* know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in ſome Piece, where LUKE his Skill expreſt,
A cunning ANGEL came and Drew the reſt;
So, whilſt you Play, ſome Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some *Cherub* finiſhes what you begun,
And, to a Miracle, improves a Tune.

To Burning *Rome* when Frantick *Nero* Play'd,
Viewing your Face, no more he had ſurvey'd

The

The Reigning Flames, but ſtruck with ſtrange Surprize,
Confeſs 'em leſs than thoſe of CELIA's Eyes.
But had he heard thy Lute, he ſoon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime aton'd:
Thine, like AMPHION's Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
And from Deſtruction call'd a fairer Town;
Malice to Muſic had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could he Burn ſo faſt, as thou could'ſt Build.

AN

A N

O D E,

To the Returning Sun.

Intended to be Sung before Their late Majeſties, *on* New-Year's-Day, 169½, (*but here Printed with Alterations; as it was Perform'd lately at a* Conſort of Muſick, *by the moſt Eminent* Maſters.)

I.

LIGHT of the *World*, and Ruler of the *Year*,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
And as the Radiant Journey's run,
Where e'er thy Beams are ſpread, where e'er thy
Power is known,

Thro'

Thro' all the distant Nations own,
That in Fair ALBION thou hast seen,
The Mildest Prince, the Brightest Queen,
That ever Sav'd a *People*, ever Grac'd a *Throne*.

II.

So may thy Godhead be confest,
So the Returning Year be Blest;
As its Infant-Months, bestow
Springing Wreaths for MARLBRO's Brow;
As its Summer's Youth shall shed
Eternal Sweets round ANNA's Head:
From thy Blessings, She shall know,
Our Times are dated, and our *Æra's* move;
She Governs, and Enlightens all below,
As Thou dost all above.

III.

III.

Let our HEROE, in the War,
Active and Fierce, like Thee, appear;
Like Thee, great Son of JOVE, like Thee,
When clad in Rising Majesty.
Thou marchest down, o'er *Delo*'s Hills confest,
With all thy Arrows arm'd, with all thy Glory drest.
Like Thee, the HEROE does his Arms employ,
The Raging *Python* to destroy;
Chor. *And give the Injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.*

IV.

From Ancient Times, Historic-Stores
Gather all the Smiling Hours;
All that with Friendly Care have guarded,
Patriots and Kings in Rightful Wars;
All that with Conquest have rewarded
His Great * Fore-Fathers Pious Cares;

* *Alluding to the Ancient* Heroe's.

All

All that Story have Recorded;
Sacred to MARLBRO's long Renown,
For Countries Sack'd, and Battels Won.

Cho. *March Them again in fair Array,*
And bid Them Form the Happy Day;
The Happy Day, design'd to wait
On MARLBRO's *Fame, and* EUROPE's *Fate:*
Let the Happy Day be Crown'd
With Great Event, and Fair Success;
No Brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor *Home in Peace.*

V.

Again, thy Godhead we implore,
(Great in Wisdom, as in Power)
Again, for ANNA's Sake, and Our's,
Chuse out other Smiling Hours;

Such as with Lucky Wings have fled,
When Happy Councels were advising;
Such as have Glad Omens shed,
O'er Forming Laws, and Empires rising;
Such as many Lustres ran,
Hand in Hand, a Goodly Train;
To Bless the Great ELIZAS Reign;
And in the Typic Glory show,
The fuller Bliss, which ANNA should bestow.

VI.

As the Graver Hours advance,
Mingled send into the Dance,
Many fraught with all the Treasures
Which the *Eastern* Travel views;
Many Winged with all the Pleasures
Man can ask, or Heaven diffuse:

To eaſe the Cares, which for Her Subjects Sake,
The Pious QUEEN does with Glad Patience take.
Cho. *To let her all the Bleſſings know,*
Which from thoſe Cares upon Her Subjects flow.

VII.

For thy Own Glory, ſing our Sovereign's Praiſe,
(God of *Verſes*, and of *Days*)
Let all thy Tuneful Sons Adorn
Their Laſting Work with MARLBRÔ's Name,
Let Choſen Muſes, yet unborn,
Take ANNA's *Goodneſs*, for their Theme:
Eternal Structures let them raiſe,
On ANNA's, and on MARLBRÔ's Praiſe;
Nor want New Subjects for the Song;
Nor fear they can exhauſt the Store,
'Till Nature's Muſic lies unſtrung,
'Till thou ſhalt Shine no more.

FINIS